

firable improvement. Nay, I am certain that I have met with some of them, during the little time I have been in England, who (according to their years) were as capable of thinking, and of understanding what is what, as their papas and mamas, or as the greatest Philosopher and Divine in the whole country! There's little *Tommy Alworthy*, and pretty Miss *Notable* for that, deny it who dares.

Look at them, here they are. One is busy in sewing, and the other in bestowing alms.



But

But before I proceed any farther, my little scholars, perhaps, will be curious to know who I am. Give me leave to inform you then (though if you took notice, I have done it already in the title-page) that I am an under-secretary to the renowned and virtuous giant *Instruction*, who is the governor of the *Enchanted Castle*. If you are desirous to know more of him, Mr. Newbery, at the Corner of St. Paul's Church-Yard, will give you every necessary information, when you apply to him for his diverting little book.

But to return to myself, I am, as you may behold me in the frontispiece to this little book. If I could, I would not boast of the beauty of my person, but I am far from having an opportunity to excite my vanity on that score. I am not ashamed, however, to confess, that I am a strange out-landish fellow, in a long flowered gown, and a hairy cap, with a long blue beard on my chin, and a white wand in my hand. But though you may think me ugly, despise me not: for as soon